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MORE PEERS

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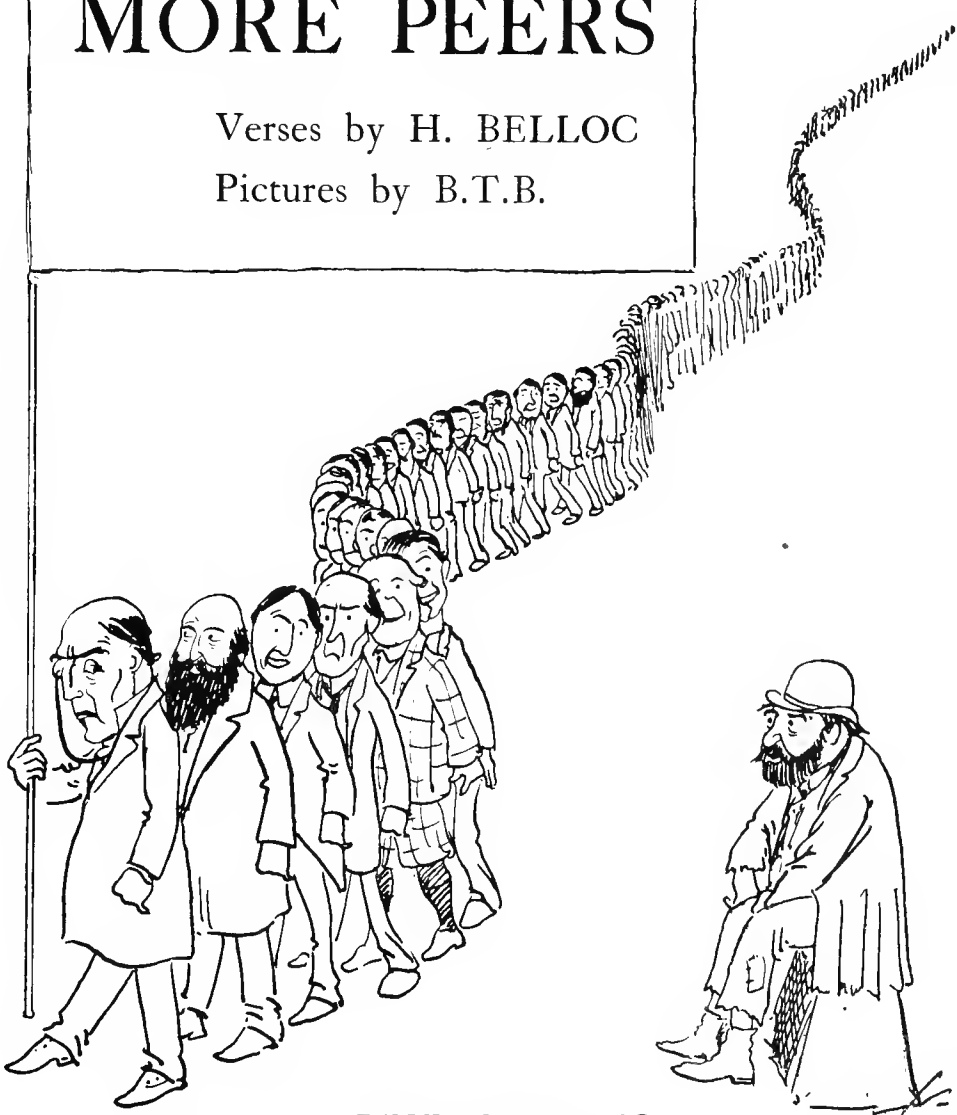

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Lord Roehampton

During a late election Lord
Roehampton strained a vocal chord
From shouting, very loud and high,
To lots and lots of people why
The Budget in his own opin-
-Ion should not be allowed to win.

He

sought a Specialist, who said :
"You have a swelling in the head :
Your Larynx is a thought relaxed
And you are greatly over-taxed."

"I am indeed! On every side!"
The Earl (for such he was) replied

In hoarse excitement. . . . "Oh! My Lord,
You jeopardize your vocal chord!"
Broke in the worthy Specialist.
"Come! Here's the treatment! I insist!
To Bed! to Bed! And do not speak
A single word till Wednesday week,
When I will come and set you free
(If you are cured) and take my fee."

On Wednesday week the Doctor hires
A Brand-new Car with Brand-new Tyres
And Brand-new Chauffeur all complete
For visiting South Audley Street.

* * * * * *

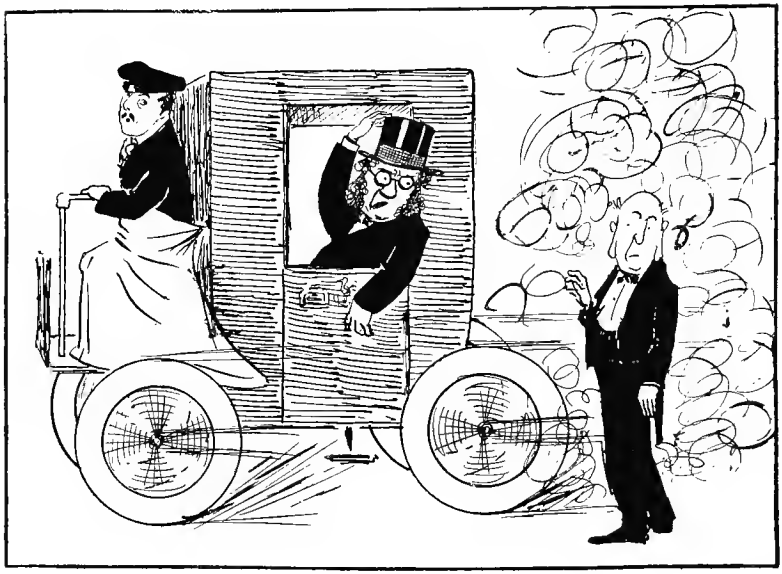
But what is this? No Union Jack
Floats on the Stables at the back!
No Toffs escorting Ladies fair
Perambulate the Gay Parterre.
A 'Scutcheon hanging lozenge-wise
And draped in crape appals his eyes
Upon the mansion's ample door,
To which he wades through

heaps of Straw,*
And which a Butler

* This is the first and only time
That I have used this sort of Rhyme.

drowned in tears,
On opening but confirms his fears:
"Oh! Sir!—Prepare to hear the worst! . . .
Last night my kind old master burst.
And what is more, I doubt if he
Has left enough to pay your fee.
The Budget——"

With a dreadful oath,
The Specialist,



denouncing both
The Budget *and* the House of Lords,
Buzzed angrily Bayswaterwards.

And ever since, as I am told,
Gets it beforehand; and in gold.

Lord Calvin

Lord Calvin thought the Bishops should not sit
As Peers of Parliament.

And *argued* it!
In spite of which, for years, and years, and years,
They went on sitting with their fellow-peers.

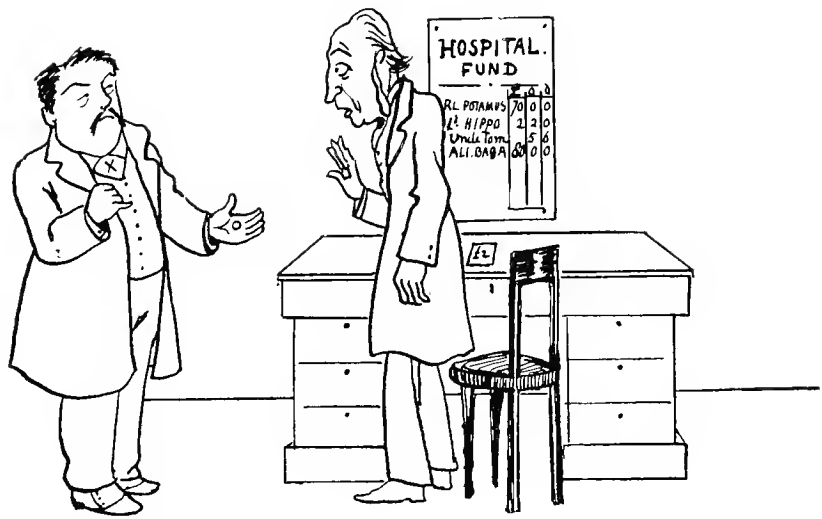
Lord Henry Chase

What happened to Lord Henry Chase?
He got into a

Libel Case!
The Daily Howl had said that he—
But could not prove it perfectly
To Judge or Jury's satisfaction:
His Lordship, therefore,

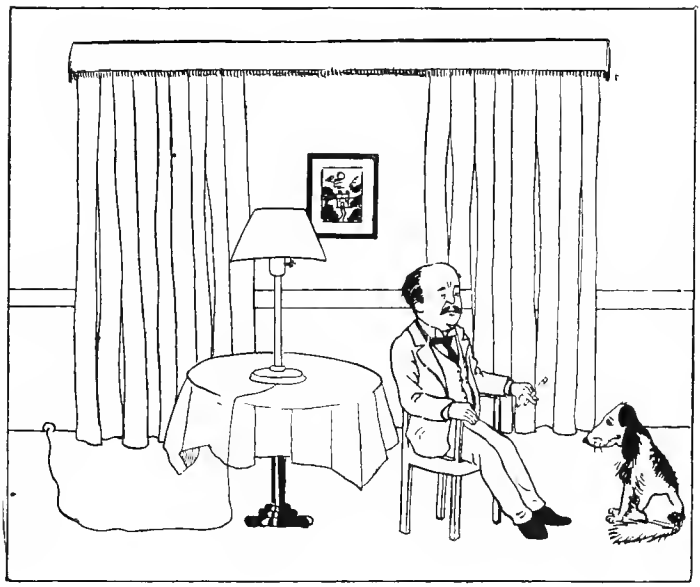
won the action.

But, as the damages were small,



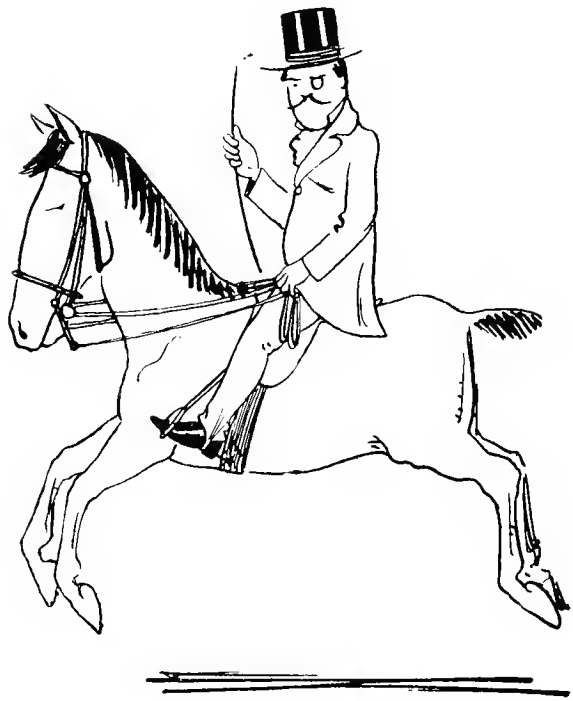
He gave them to a Hospital.

Lord Heygate



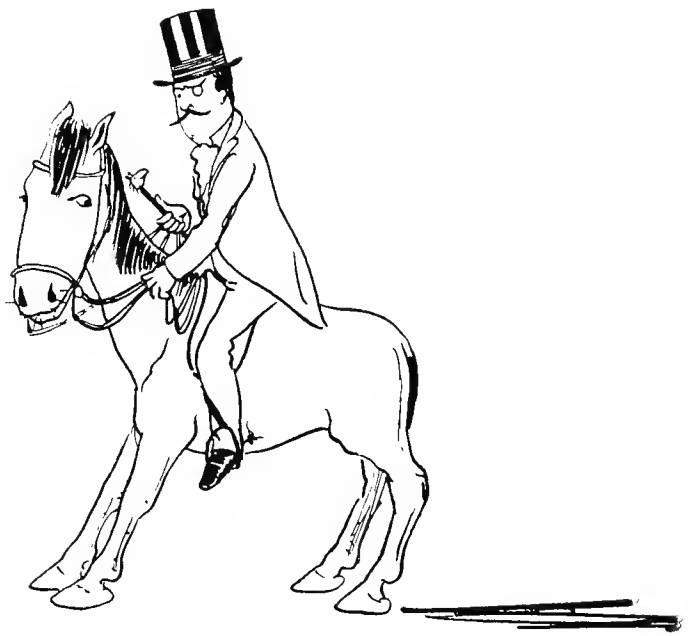
Lord Heygate had a troubled face,
His furniture was commonplace—
The sort of Peer who well might pass
For someone of the middle class.
I do not think you want to hear
About this unimportant Peer,
So let us leave him to discourse
About Lord Epsom and his horse.

Lord Epsom



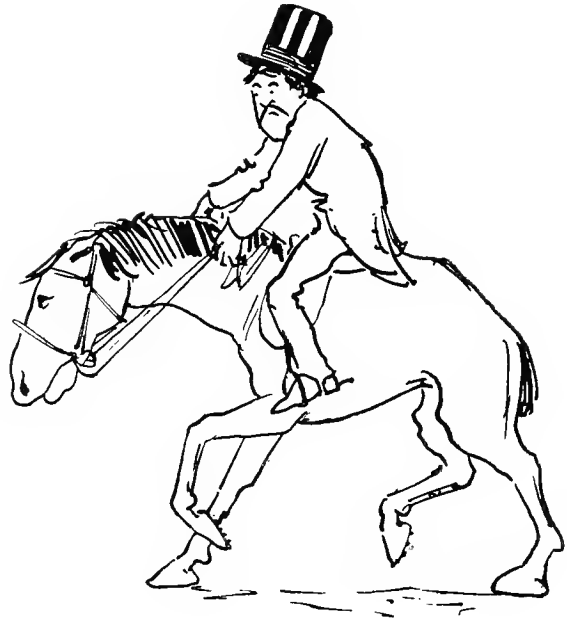
A Horse, Lord Epsom did bestride
With mastery and quiet pride.
He dug his spurs into its hide.

The Horse,



discerning it was pricked,

Incontinently

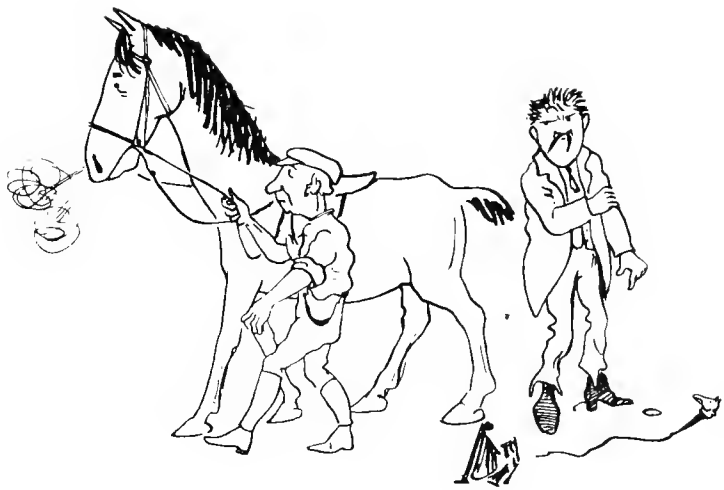


bucked and kicked,
A thing that no one could predict!

Lord Epsom clearly understood
The High-bred creature's nervous mood,

As only such a horseman could.

Dismounting,



he was heard to say
That it was kinder to delay
His pleasure to a future day.

He had the Hunter led away.

Lord Finchley

Lord Finchley tried to mend the Electric Light Himself.

It struck him dead : And serve him right !
It is the business of the wealthy man
To give employment to the artisan.

Lord Ali-Baba

Lord Ali-Baba was a Turk
Who hated every kind of work,
And would repose for hours at ease
With

Houris seated on his knees.
A happy life!—Until, one day

Mossoo Alphonse Effendi Bey
(A Younger Turk: the very cream
And essence of the New Regime)
Dispelled this Oriental dream
By granting him a place at Court,

High Coffee-grinder to the Porte,
Unpaid :—

In which exalted Post
His Lordship yielded up the ghost.

Lord Hippo

Lord Hippo suffered fearful loss

By putting money on a horse
Which he believed, if it were pressed,
Would run far faster than the rest:
For

someone who was in the know

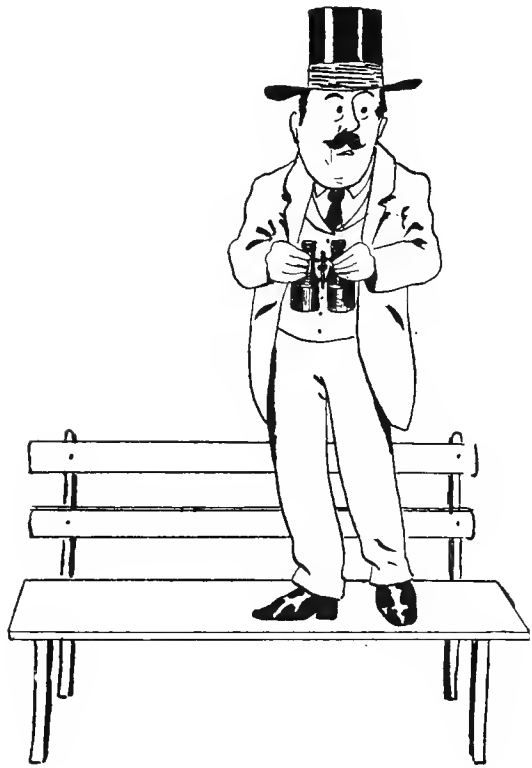
Had confidently told him so.

But

on the morning of the race

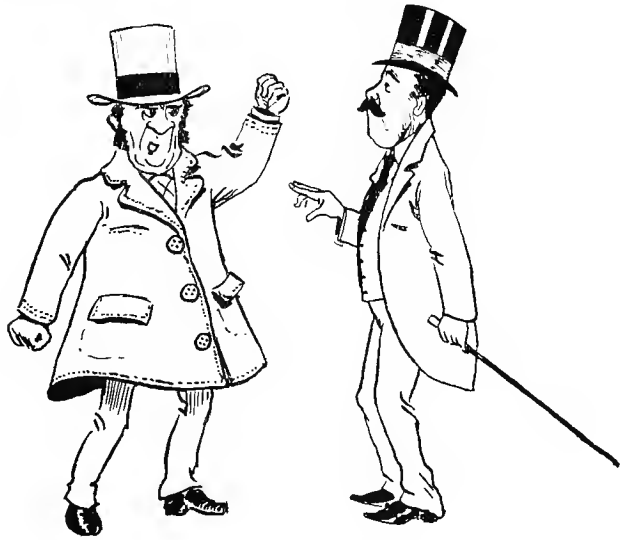
It only took

the *Seventh* place !



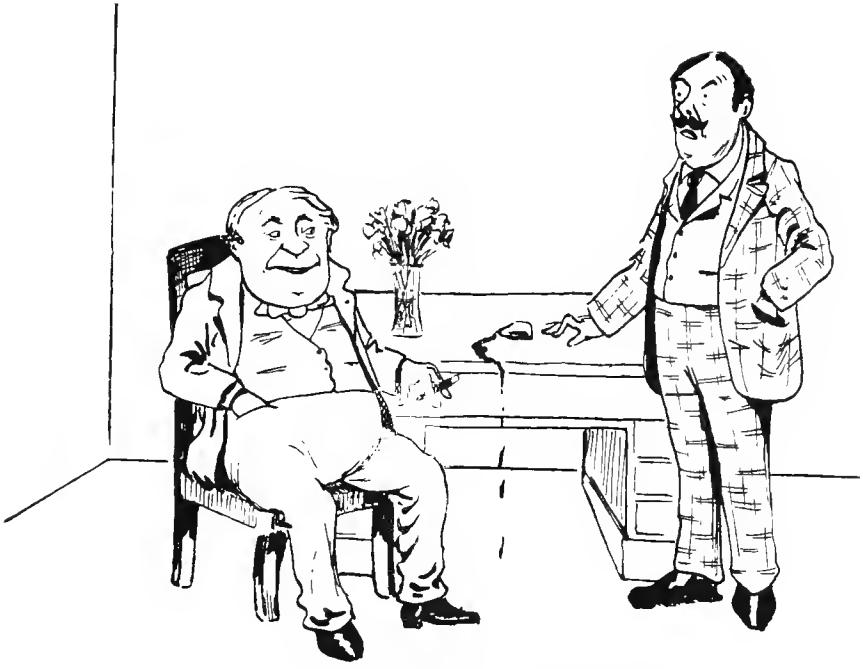
Picture the Viscount's great surprise!
He scarcely could believe his eyes!

He sought the Individual who
Had laid him odds at 9 to 2,
Suggesting as a useful tip
That they should enter Partnership
And put to joint account the debt
Arising from his foolish bet.



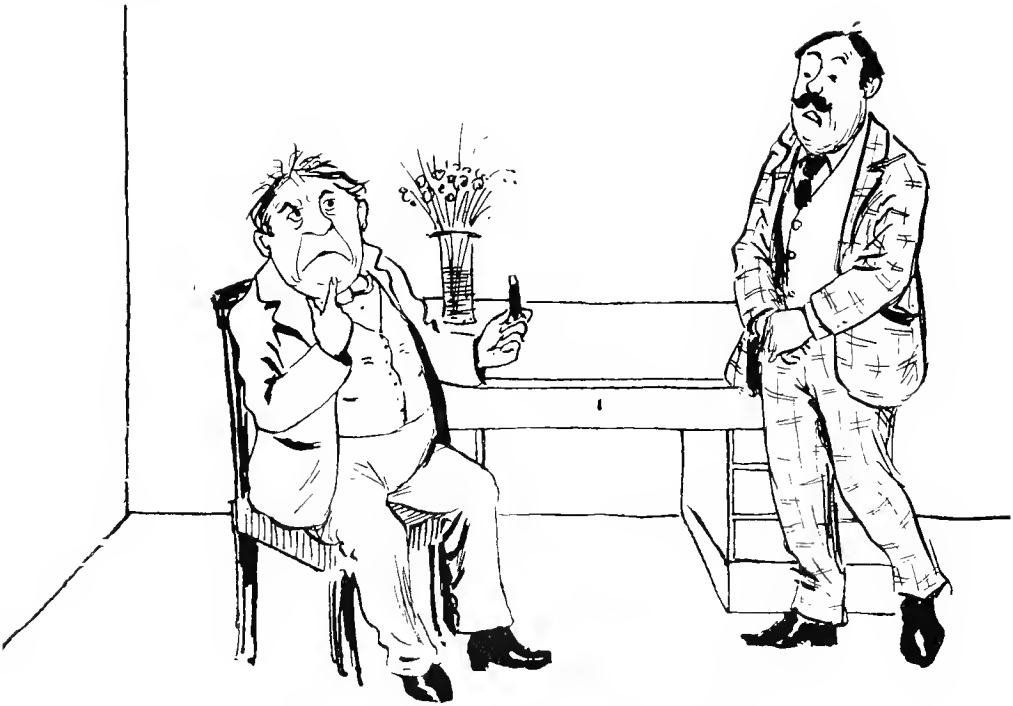
But when the Bookie—oh! my word,
I only wish you could have heard
The way he roared he did not think,
And hoped that they might strike him pink!
Lord Hippo simply turned and ran
From this infuriated man.

Despairing, maddened and distraught
He utterly collapsed and sought
His sire,

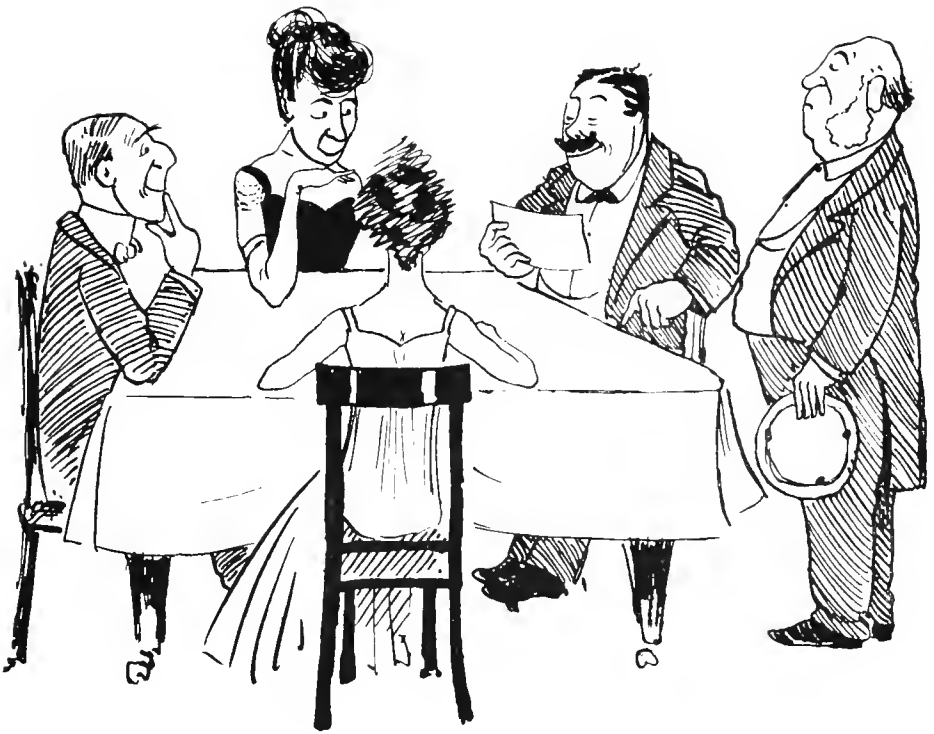


the Earl of Potamus,
And brokenly addressed him thus :
" Dread Sire—to-day—at Ascot—I . . ."
His genial parent made reply :
" Come ! Come ! Come ! Come ! Don't look so glum !
Trust your Papa and name the sum. . . .

WHAT?



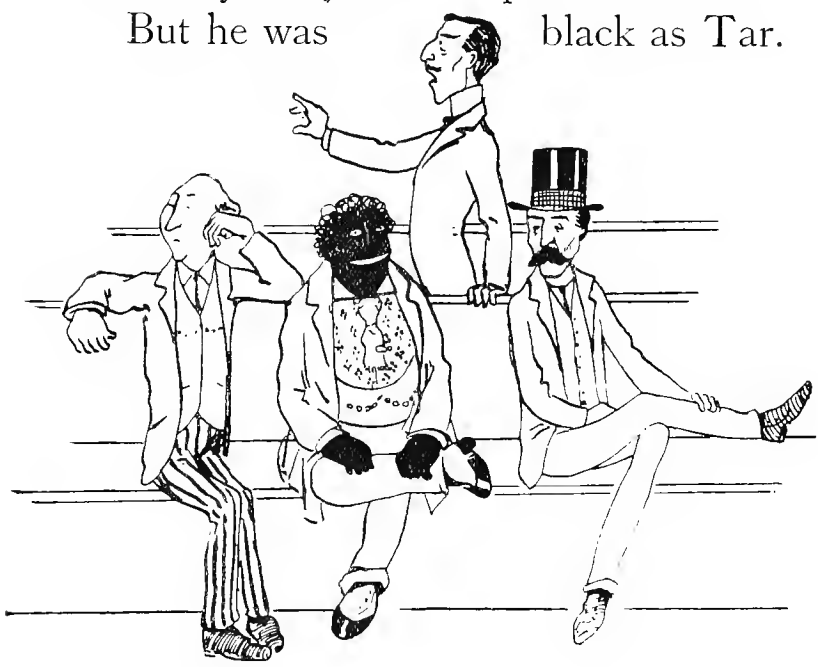
. . . *Fifteen hundred thousand?* . . . Hum!
However . . . stiffen up, you wreck;
Boys will be boys—so here's the cheque!"
Lord Hippo, feeling deeply—well,
More grateful than he cared to tell—
Punted the lot on Little Nell:—
And got a telegram at dinner
To say



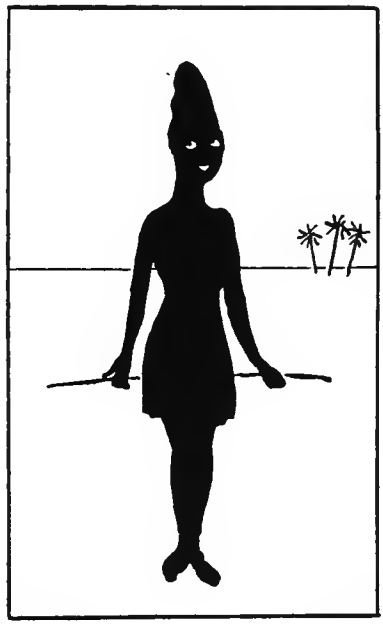
that he had backed the Winner!

Lord Uncle Tom

Lord Uncle Tom was different from
What other nobles are.
For they are yellow or pink, I think,
But he was black as Tar.

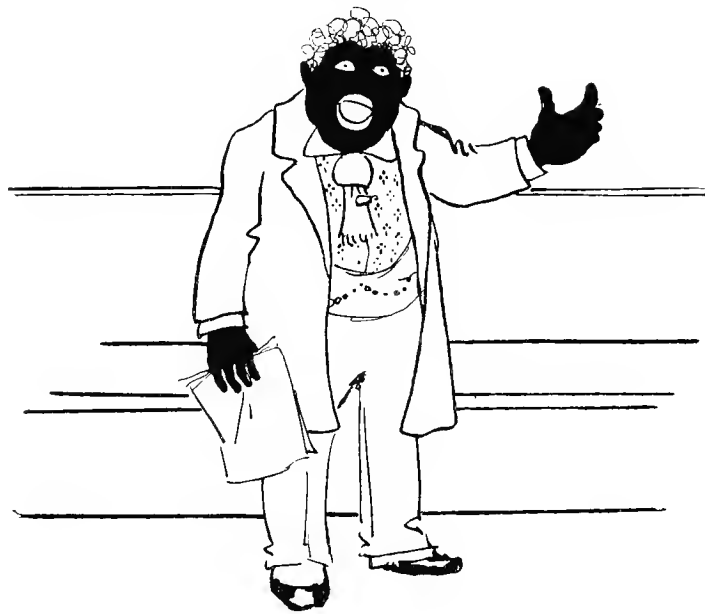


He had his Father's debonair
And rather easy pride:
But his complexion and his hair



Were from the mother's side.

He often mingled in debate
And latterly displayed

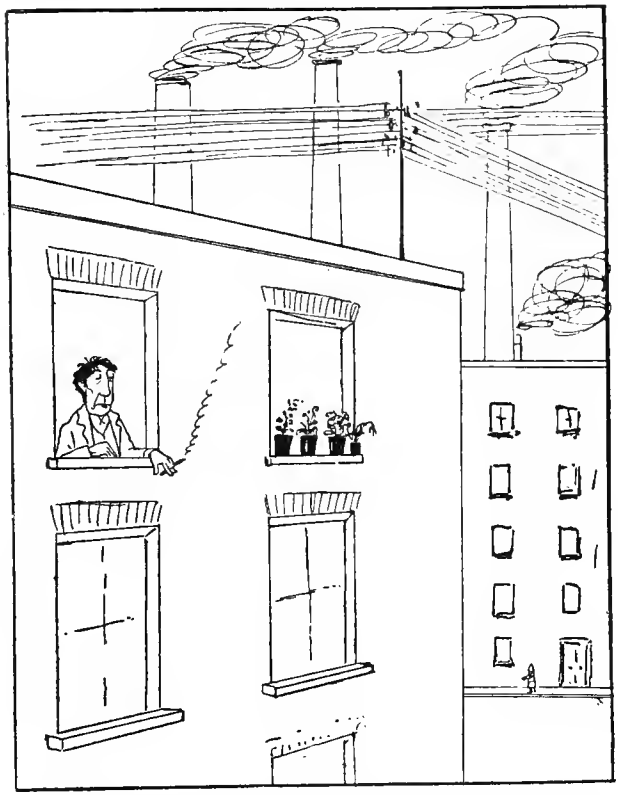


Experience of peculiar weight
Upon the Cocoa-trade.

But now He speaks no more. THE BILL
Which he could not abide,
It preyed upon his mind until
He sickened, paled, and died.

Lord Lucky

Lord Lucky, by a curious fluke,
Became a most important duke.
From living in a vile Hotel



A long way east of Camberwell

He rose, in less than half an hour,
To riches, dignity and power.
It happened in the following way :—
The Real Duke went out one day
To shoot with several people, one

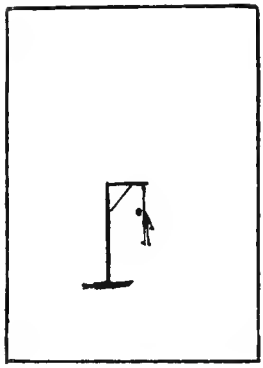
Of whom had never used a gun.
This gentleman (a Mr. Meyer
Of Rabley Abbey, Rutlandshire),
As he was scrambling through the brake,

Discharged his weapon by mistake,
And plugged about an ounce of lead
Piff-bang into his Grace's Head——
Who naturally fell down dead.

His heir, Lord Ugly, roared, "You Brute!

Take that to teach you how to shoot!"
Whereat he volleyed, left and right;
But being somewhat short of sight,
His right-hand Barrel only got
The second heir, Lord Poddleplot;
The while the left-hand charge (or choke)
Accounted for another bloke,
Who stood with an astounded air
Bewildered by the whole affair
—And was the third remaining heir.

After the



Execution (which
Is something rare among the Rich)
Lord Lucky, while of course he needed

Some

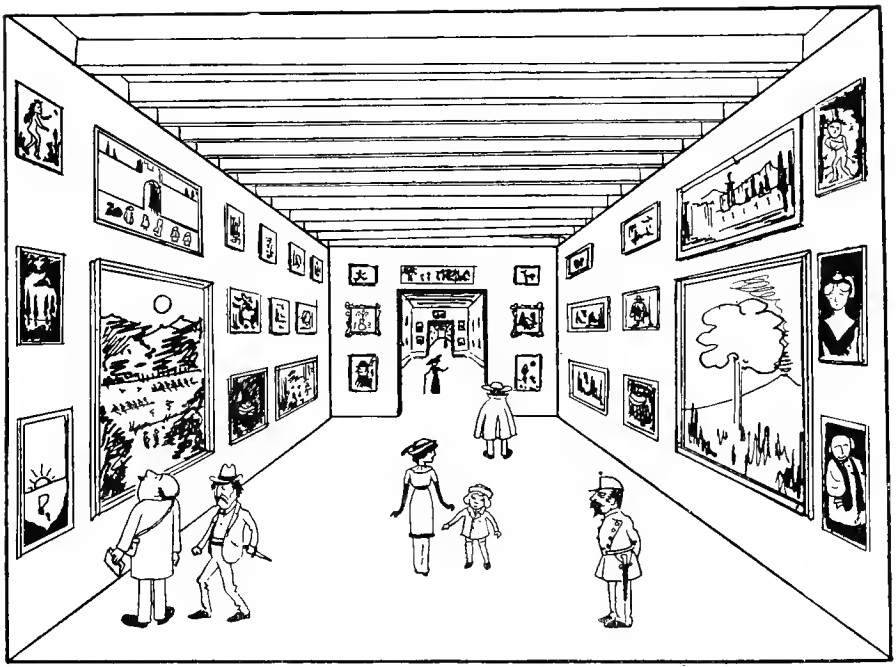
help to prove his claim,
succeeded.
—But after his succession, though
All this was over years ago,
He only once indulged the whim
Of asking Meyer to lunch with him.

Lord Canton

The reason that

the Present Lord Canton
Succeeded lately to his Brother John
Was that his Brother John, the elder son,
Died rather suddenly at forty-one.

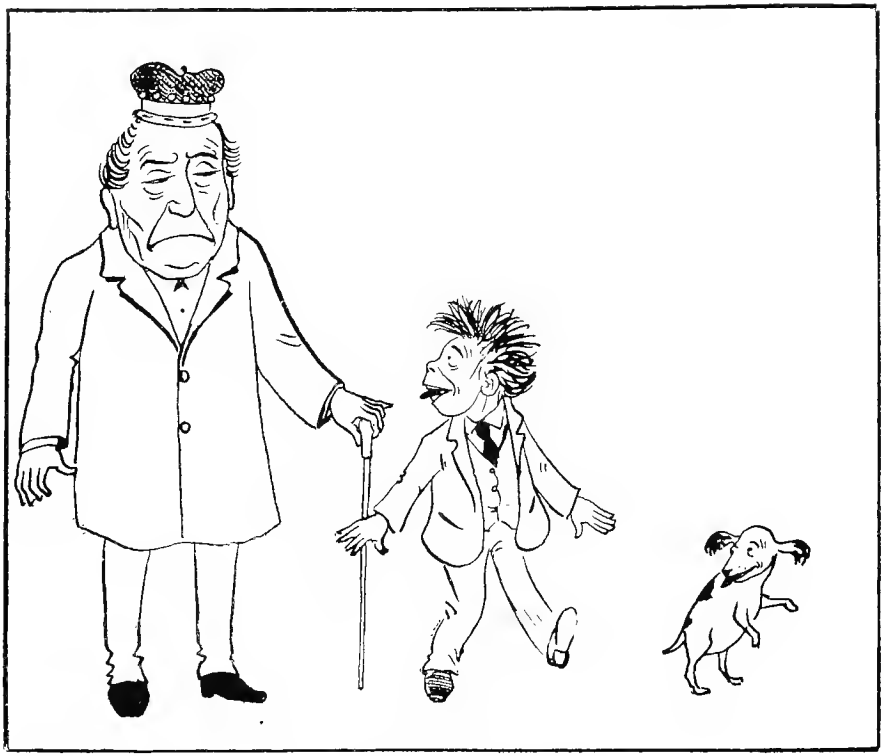
The insolence of an Italian guide



Appears to be the reason that he died.

Lord Abbott

Lord Abbott's coronet was far too small,
So small, that as he sauntered down White Hall
Even the youthful Proletariat
(Who probably mistook it for a Hat)
Remarked on its exiguous extent.



Here is a picture of the incident.

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